

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

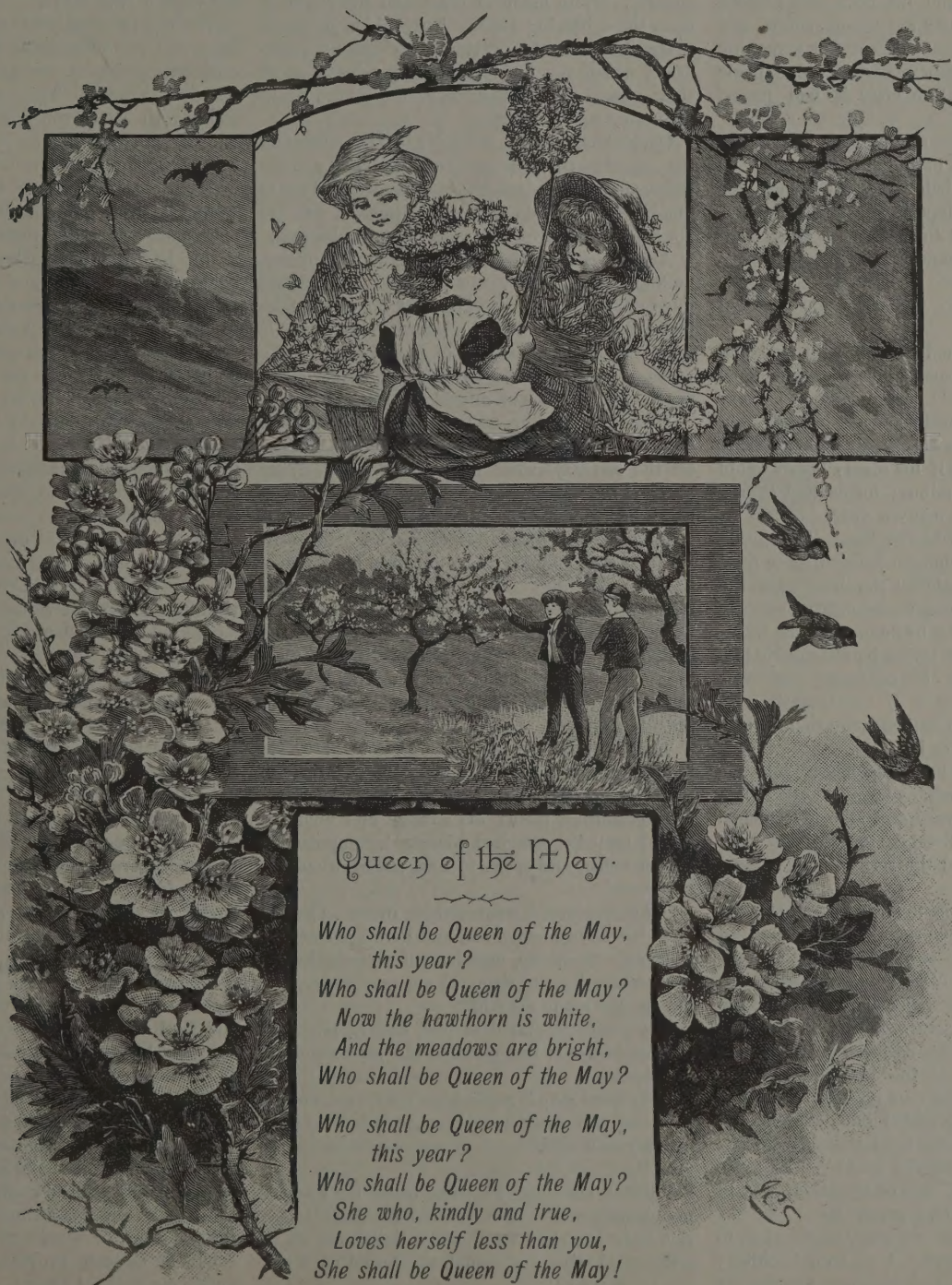
CORTHELL SO.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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Queen of the May.

Who shall be Queen of the May,
this year?

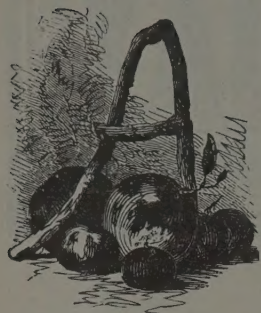
Who shall be Queen of the May?
Now the hawthorn is white,
And the meadows are bright,
Who shall be Queen of the May?

Who shall be Queen of the May,
this year?

Who shall be Queen of the May?
She who, kindly and true,
Loves herself less than you,
She shall be Queen of the May!

THE PENSIONER.

BY HENRIETTE CUSHING.



T last, at last! Ah, *mon Dieu*, had I but known how weary was the road, would I have had the courage?"

It was an old man bent over and with grizzled beard and trembling limbs, who sat down by the roadside near the entrance to the great

city to rest his weary body. His little bundle on the cypress stick he carried showed that his worldly possessions were few and not heavy. The sabots on his feet and the blue jean frock he wore showed him to be of the peasant class. The red kerchief around his neck was knotted loosely enough to display the strong sinews and cords in his bronzed throat. There was something in his attitude of present weakness which made one think of an oak-tree after it had passed through a tempest.

A little piece of bread and perhaps half a litre of wine still remained of the fare with which he had provided himself before he left home. He looked long at the red liquid before he drank it.

"Ah, *mon bon vin de Picardy*, when again shall I get a whiff of thy bouquet?" And he took a long sniff at the bottle, as if all the sweet air of his native, far-away vineyards was distilled therein.

After he had refreshed himself with food and rest, he took up his journey again toward the goal for which he had labored such a long and weary time. Taking out a little bag of chamois-skin from the pocket of his blouse as he went along he looked into it to see if his scanty hoard would allow a ride in the omnibus; for he had been a stranger to crowds for many a year, and it must be confessed they bewildered him. This great, jostling, surging sea of human beings; these lines of heavy, lumbering vehicles; the shouting of the drivers, — to his ears long accustomed to country sounds, all seemed like a bedlam. He felt like a child, longing for some loving hand to guide him through the labyrinth of confusing elements. Every one was hurrying as if counting the seconds; nobody had time to give more than a passing glance to the right or left.

"Ah, this great city has little heart," said the timid wanderer to himself, as he was jostled from side to side in his awkward and slow movements. "Whom shall I ask to direct me to the gilded dome under which I shall find the rest I have labored so hard to earn?"

His eye fell at last on the one restful face he had seen since he entered the gates of Paris. In one of the *kiosks* at the corner beamed the smiling, broad face of a *Normande*, who stood inside busily sorting her papers, yet without the anxious and hurried expression which he had noticed in those of the busy throng on the boulevards. The mistress of the *kiosk* had studied human faces long enough to read quite plainly the language of this troubled one before her.

"Ah, *mon ami*, you are tired with journeying. Is it your first visit to the city?" asked the good-natured woman by way of greeting. "And can I give you the morning paper?"

"Alas, Madame, I do not want to buy, but to beg your aid in my search. I am an old soldier; and now that my wife and children are dead, I

seek my rightful place in the 'Invalides' with my companions."

"Ah, *mon ami*, you go there? I know it well, for I have an uncle there since many years," replied the woman, brightening at finding this bond of fellowship. Leaving the *kiosk*, she went out on the pavement and pointed the way, showing with pride the brightly gilded dome which to-day shone dazzlingly in the June sunlight.

Thanking his new-found friend, the old man resumed his journey toward the long-sought-for haven. His feet were lame and weary; but what mattered that? Soon would he rest beneath the roof his grateful country had provided. Now again he began to feel great thirst; for the heat was intense, and seemed more exhausting when it was radiated from the baked pavements than when it was reflected from the yellow clay of the country roads. The air seemed to stifle him, so close and smoke-laden was it; for his lungs were accustomed to the fresh, sweet, free air of the open country. With his head erect, and his eye ever upon the glittering beacon before him, he made a strange figure for Paris in his quaint, rustic dress, which the little children wondered at as they passed by, and their *bonnes* stared at in unabashed amusement.

Click-clack! click-clack! went his sabots on the stones of the pavement, making such a noise that some *gamins* playing in the gutter called out to him in derision, "*Ah, quel joli musique!*" He did not hear them. Nothing could disturb him now.

As the beautiful proportions of the magnificent building grew more distinct, a great admiration filled the soul of the wayfarer, for no chateau he had ever seen was half so beautiful as this. It was like entering the gates of paradise. All the weary months when he had been half-starved, — for the *phyloxytera* had robbed his little vineyard, — when it was weariness to go to gather a bundle of fagots to keep the frost from his feeble limbs; all the sad days when he had sat by his dying son, and the loneliness of the deserted home when death had taken the last of those whom he loved, — all the bitter memories of his hard life vanished, as they might if he had been in truth entering into the gates of heaven in the spirit. How his heart leaped for joy at the sight of the guard at the entrance, in the beautiful uniform of the soldiers of France! The wide portals, with their impressive grandeur, had an air of kindly hospitality, even though their size and beauty were appalling.

"It is my home, — my home, at last!" He felt almost that he must shout his greeting, so thankful was he.

A *gendarme*, seeing his strange and unaccustomed costume, watched him as he approached the entrance, and spoke to him, asking what was his errand.

"Ah, *mon ami*, I want nothing more. The *bon Dieu* has strengthened me, and here I am at last at home. Show me, monsieur, if you please, the room where I am to sleep. I am very weary, and old age has made me stiff."

The *gendarme* stared at him, half in pity, half in astonishment; but perhaps the poor wanderer was mad.

"My good man," replied the *gendarme*, kindly, "no one can enter here who has not served his country as a soldier. It is not a retreat for the poor."

"But I am Jean Prévost, corporal. I served my country well. Two bullet-holes here in my arm have I to show for it, and a thumb cut off by a sabre. Is that not enough to prove I am a true son of France?"

"Truly it would seem that you have proof enough; but you need papers to show the officials."

"Alas, monsieur, I had them; but my wife Marie is dead, and after she died I never knew what became of them. She could read. But surely, monsieur, a soldier of France would not be refused a shelter under that great roof, when he has none other in the world except the sky above him!"

As they spoke, the *gendarme* led the way through the long corridor to an apartment where were several soldierly men in uniform, — officials of the institution. They listened to the story of the old man patiently, and with kindness told him the regulations, and what was the form of application and where to make it.

They saw the shadow of deep disappointment cross the face of the grizzled old soldier; for none doubted his word, and all felt compassion for him, and for his innocence and ignorance of the ways of the world.

The bell sonorously tolled the hour of the evening meal; and filing along the corridors came the numerous guests of the great hostelry, the pensioners of France. There were those who walked feebly with canes, some limping, some with but one leg, others with one arm, some scarred and seamed by shot or sabre, others with but a single eye; but all with cheerful faces notwithstanding.

Jean Prévost followed them with his eager, sad eyes, and wondered if their hearts had been torn as his had by the cruelty of the world, which believed in the honesty of no human being. No neighbor in his own province, however poor, but would give him shelter if he asked it. No need to show his wounds to the peasants to assure them he had been a patriotic son of France. Why was it so different in the great, heartless city? Did only those who know the vineyards and the orchards have sympathy with poor humanity? Such thoughts surged rapidly through his brain. His strength had been exhausted by the great effort he had made, and the disappointment tore open anew the wounds in his heart. Kindly tears came to his relief, and trickled slowly and silently over his weather-beaten face, no longer tinged with the ruddy glow from the sunshine of his native fields, but ashen gray from the reaction of his exertions.

The touching sight did not escape the eyes of those who were near, and whose sympathies were with the unfortunate. As their duties called them, one by one they left the room, and Jean soon found himself alone. Aimlessly he wandered out into the corridor, and from there, seeing the green sward, out into the air.

Soon the doors were closed, and one by one the pensioners' lights flickered and went out; and soon after the great hostelry was quiet, and buried in darkness and sleep. The guard on duty outside seemed the only living thing, as he patrolled the walk with measured tread. It was a bright moonlight, which glinted on the golden dome, turning it to shimmering silver. Balmy and fresh the air blew in grateful breezes after the great heat of the day. All beautiful, bustling Paris seemed bathed in peace.

Unconsciously the strong and unromantic patrol felt, in his way, the influence of the hour, and sang to himself a sentimental song from his favorite opera. As he approached the great entrance, a dark shadow prevented his seeing a figure in a reclining attitude half-leaning against the door, and he almost stumbled over it.

"It is I, Jean Prévost, corporal. The *cure* knows me well. I have a wife and two children

in the cemetery of X—. All know I was a soldier of France, all know I am an honest man, — poor, the *bon Dieu* knows, but through misfortune. My vineyard spoiled, my living gone, debts robbed me of my little home at last; and now, an outcast, no home, no friends in the great city, no inch of ground to call mine, only wounds to show for many months of service for my country! Ah, *Dieu*, have mercy, — mercy on a poor old soldier, who will not trouble his country long now that he is worthless!"

The patrol stooped to help the soldier to rise. His voice had become feebler at each sentence, and it was evident he was faint and weak. The moonlight, hidden for a moment behind a cloud, now shone out in redoubled brilliancy, and striking on the face of the old man, it pictured a happiness and peace which belied the wretched words that had just escaped his lips.

The pensioner had gained admittance at last to his home, — *above*, not beneath the gilded dome; nor did the sentinel in charge ask, Who art thou, Jean Prévost, corporal?

ABOUT EGGS.

BY MRS. S. A. DAVENPORT.



MAMMA and the children were searching for violets one warm afternoon near the last of May. The edge of the lot was sandy, and here they found the bright sand-violet; afterward the ground grew wet, and there were white, blue, and yellow violets, and what the children, in spite of all Mamma's explanations, would persist in calling dog-tooth violets. Little Maud, shod with rubbers that she might go boldly into the wet places, and feeling very free and happy in the warm spring sunshine, ran ahead to find violets with longer and yet longer stems. She came to a swampy spot, through which ran a sluggish brook. There were no violets, only moss and springing rushes; but Maud soon cried out, —

"Why, what are these?"

Maud was always making little discoveries, for she had just begun to find out what a wonderful world she lived in. The others hurried to her, thinking of a new flower. But she pointed to some oblong little things, like small nuts, of a dingy white color.

"What are these, Mamma?"

"I should say they were the eggs of mud-turtles," said Mamma.

"Eggs!"

"Why, yes, reptiles lay eggs, as well as birds. Here are more;" and Mamma touched with the toe of her rubber a frothy-looking mass of jelly, full of little black points, like a new kind of floating island, lying at the edge of the brook. Numberless little tailed creatures were swarming down into the water.

"You know what these are?" said she.

"Pollywogs," said Edward.

"Yes, or tadpoles, and you know that they afterward become frogs. The jelly-like masses are the eggs or spawn of frogs."

A little farther down the brook was an old log, and upon it were a great many turtles, with their heads and tails outstretched, basking in the sun. As the noise of the children disturbed them, they slipped, one after another, into the water.

"I do not think these seem like eggs," said Maud.

"They are different from the eggs of birds," said Mamma. "The shells are leathery, rather

than brittle, and the shape is not the same. I suppose your idea of an egg, Maud, is the warm white one that is brought in from the hen-house in the morning and cooked for your breakfast."

"These are not good to eat!" cried Maud.

"No, these are not, but the eggs of the large sea-turtles are nice food."

Mamma thought it too wet to stay by the brook any longer, and so they all went up where it was dry and sandy, and Mamma sat down under a locust-tree and began to arrange her flowers.

"How do you suppose, children," said she, "eggs first came to be used for food?"

"I fancy," said Grace, "somebody found out what good eating they were, and then people made houses for the fowls, and gave them the right kind of food, so that they would lay a good many and nice eggs."

"Yes, that is very true," said Mamma; "but how came such a store of nourishment in an egg?"

The children had no answer to this question ready.

"And there are the seeds of plants — oats, wheat, beans, and the like — which are used for food," continued Mamma. "Of course, by cultivation the amount of nutriment in these seeds has been increased and its quality improved, but there was nourishment stored up in them when they were only the seeds of wild plants. Now a seed stands in very much the same relation to a plant that an egg does to a bird or reptile. There is something much more wonderful in an egg or a seed than the store of nourishment. Edward, my dear, do you happen to have a bean about you?"

Mamma said this quite soberly; but as Edward had been using his bean-blower in season and out of season during their ramble, he understood her laughing eyes and was able to present her with a handful of beans.

"One will do, thank you," she said.

She cracked it open, and showed them all a tiny germ of a plant, not much more than an eighth of an inch long, with a little root that botanists call a radicle, and two perfect little leaves, one slightly folded over the other, that is called a plumule.

"The nourishment in the seed," she went on, "is to feed this little germ until it has grown large enough to get its own food from the substances that surround it. In seeds like the bean the two halves come up above the ground, and act as leaves until the germ leaves are grown large."

"The vitality of the germs of plants is something very wonderful indeed. Seeds found in the hands of Egyptian mummies, that are many thousand years old, you know, have sprouted and grown. The little germs in these seeds slept, as it were, through thousands of years, and then, when the conditions were right, woke up and began to grow."

"What were the conditions?" said Edward.

"Do you not know?"

"I think I know," said Grace, — "heat and moisture."

"Certainly," said Mamma; "and the eggs of fishes too, and of insects retain their vitality for a long time and through a great deal of exposure. The spawn of fishes is carried from place to place, and sometimes is not hatched for months. The first silk-worms introduced into Europe were brought as eggs by a long over-land journey from China. You remember the swarm of large butterflies we saw one warm day late last autumn flying about the willow-trees and finally settling upon the branches?"

"Yes," said Edward; "I caught two beauties, but they lived only two or three days."

"They had reached the natural limit of their lives," said Mamma, "and were performing their last act, laying the eggs for the next generation. They covered these eggs with a gummy substance, which hardened and kept them safe through the cold of winter. We will visit those trees soon, and I think we shall find some families of caterpillars."

"I suppose," said Grace, "there is a germ in the eggs we eat."

"Exactly," replied Mamma; "not so large and with not quite so strong a hold upon life as the germs in the seeds, but still having a wonderful possibility, a vital cell, that under favorable conditions will start the whole process of growth, — of taking the substances around it, assimilating them and building up a new structure, a new creature, at first within the egg, afterward independently."

"And what does that need?" asked Grace.

"Heat," said Mamma, "gentle, steady, and long continued. When a hen or other bird that is sitting leaves her nest, the eggs feel quite warm, and she never stays away long enough to let them grow cold."

"I remember," said Edward, "the Pewee, that built a nest in the piazza last year. When the mother-bird flew off for a while, the father-bird came and sat upon the eggs. It was so funny to see him examine them with his long bill. I believe he turned them over."

"Perhaps," said Mamma. And now, as she had arranged her violets and put them in a tin box to keep them fresh, they all started to walk home.

MAY-DAY.

BY K. H.



OUR celebration of the coming of Spring, slight as it is, can be traced to the Roman custom of Floralia, or Floral games, which began on the 28th of April, and lasted a few days.

The Romans showed a longing for the flowers that bloom in the Spring. This longing might be called instinctive, if we did not remember the barbarous Indians of our own country, who deck themselves with feathers, but never with flowers. However, we know that the gentler people of the Sandwich Islands delight in wreaths and garlands of flowers.

The Celts kindled fires on the summits of the hills at night, and among the peasantry of Ireland and Scotland this form of celebrating the coming of Spring was kept up until the last century.

Our own celebration of May-day is derived from the English custom of the sixteenth century. The middle and humbler classes went out with horns and merriment early in the morning to gather branches of hawthorn and other flowers, decorating every door and window with their spoils. They called this ceremony "the bringing home of the May;" they talked of their expedition to the woods as "going a-Maying;" they crowned the fairest village-maid as "Queen of the May." Even kings and queens sometimes joined in the general festivities. Queen Elizabeth, who delighted in all pomp and ceremonial of recreation, had May-games. However, it is not in history but in the realm of poetry that we find the fullest account of the gayety of heart and innocent happiness felt by all who rejoice in the reappearance of the lovely blossoms of Spring. In Chaucer's "Court of Love," we read "Forth goeth all the Court, both most and least, to fetch the flowers fresh."

The May-queen was a representative of the goddess Flora, whom the Romans worshipped as the goddess Spring, the goddess of buds and flowers. She was described as beautiful, and blessed with perpetual youth, wearing a crown of flowers, her robe covered with garlands of flowers, and holding a cornucopia or horn of plenty.

In England, the Queen of May, wreathed and decked with flowers, was placed in a bower and admired by all.

The May-pole was erected in every village and hung with wreaths and garlands; the lads and lasses danced around it almost all day long. But coming to New England, in their stern hatred of what they deemed frivolity the Puritans left the May-pole behind.

Later, they were uprooted in "Merry England;" for we read that the Parliament of 1644 ordained that "all and singular May-poles that are or shall be erected, shall be taken down."

Only seventeen years passed, and the populace were able to show their love for the May-day jollity by erecting one of the tallest of these poles in London on the Strand. It was one hundred and thirty-four feet high; as Pope has written, "Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand."

But the old spirit was gone, and in spite of all efforts the May-poles disappeared. They are never seen now in England, and our last record of them is of Washington Irving's delight in finding one.

However, if the Puritans did show their hatred of what they doubtless considered a heathen ceremonial, their descendants rejoice in the reappearance of flowers after the long reign of winter; and one of our sweetest flowers is called "Mayflower." If to the older folk the thought of dancing and singing around a May-pole would seem folly, the children still rush to the woods, searching for the first flowers of Spring. "The hearts of all people, for the beauty of the weather and the season, rise up and gladden themselves."

In the words of an old May-day song, —

"God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

THE MONK'S MESSAGE.

BY COUSIN KATE.

From a lecture by M. LÉON SAY.

THERE was once a monk who went from castle to castle calling the people; and when they crowded around him he would shout, "I have the true scales; they weigh all things at their true value."

And to his eager listeners he continued, "I will put in this scale Madame la Marquise with her beautiful ornaments and diamonds, and Monsieur le Marquis with all his titles, his habit of doing nothing, and his delightful idleness; and in the other scale I will put a simple bee hurrying to make honey for its winter store: the scale containing the bee will outweigh the other. The useful worker, no matter how small and insignificant, will alone weigh more than all this useless luxury."

His illustration was always successful, to the great astonishment and delight of his audience.

We all possess the monk's magical scales; we have enlightened, educated consciences, which give us the power, like the monk in the story, to weigh everything at its true value, — the worker and the idle man, the true and the false, ourselves as well as our neighbor.

CHILDREN OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

X.

BY CORA AGNES BENNESON.

I HAVE given you a picture of Holland in the summer-time. In the winter the canals and ponds are frozen, and the Dutch children become expert skaters. But they do not excel on the ice those of whom I write to-day, who live in a land where the winters are six months long. These boys and girls glide to school and market on skates with runners projecting far beyond their toes, or cross the white fields on snow-shoes like tennis-rackets, bound to the sole with a thong. In some sections they ride in sledges drawn by reindeer. The children do not shiver with the cold, because they have always been used to it; and they wear warm wraps, furs, hoods, and mittens. Though their clothing is not showy, it is comfortable. They live in an humble way, and few of them have wealthy parents. In this severe climate it is hard to earn a living; but the people are noted for their honesty and uprightness. When I travelled among them, though I spoke not a word of their language, I was not afraid of being cheated or deceived.

In the extreme north of this country a remarkable sight may be seen about the middle of June. The sun does not set at all, but at midnight moves along the horizon without once sinking below it. The summer days are very long, but not long enough to melt the ice on the summits of the mountains and the broad snow-fields between. From these descend white glaciers, sparkling waterfalls and rills, shining among the dark green pines on the slopes.

The sea-coast is very jagged, with deep inlets famous for their beautiful scenery. In a steamer I sailed up one of these till I came to a little town with steep streets and one-storied, red-roofed houses. Here I stayed a few days with a widow who had several children. Thora, the eldest, had just been confirmed in the Lutheran Church, and the little parlor was full of presents given by her friends in honor of the event. She showed them all to me, — the gold ring from her mother, the prayer-book from her pastor, some hand-made lace from her dearest schoolmate, a travelling-case, a toilet-set, a breastpin and ear-rings of fish-scales, pretty aprons and handkerchiefs, crocheted edging, a cologne bottle, an embroidered tidy, many blooming plants in pots, choice cut flowers, and other dainty gifts from friends. For a long time previous to her confirmation she had been once or twice a week, with others of her age, to the pastor's house to receive his instruction. Finally he catechized them before the older people of the Church, and then they were ready to be confirmed. On that occasion they wore black dresses, white aprons, and white kerchiefs on their heads. A great many visitors came to congratulate Thora, and her face was radiant with happiness.

One day the family all went to Communion and left me to get my own dinner; but that was easy enough, because I had learned where things were kept. The food was good and substantial. Our bread was of rye, made in thin, flat cakes like wafers. It is the custom to bake it only twice a year. We had many varieties of cheese; always there were at least two kinds on the table, — one of cow's and one of goat's milk. The latter looked like brown soap, and had a sweetish taste. We had abundance of fish, and the salmon was especially fine. Mackerel and lobsters are shipped to England. The mackerel are packed in ice, but the lobsters are put alive into

tanks to which the sea-water has access, in vessels built especially for the lobster trade. If the sea is somewhat rough, the lobsters rise and fall with the motion of the ship, and arrive in good order; but if the water is too smooth, they sink to the bottom of the tanks and crush one another to death.

After I left Thora's house, I travelled over mountain roads in a curious little gig called a *carriole*. It was a single seat mounted on springs, with two wheels only. My luggage was strapped behind; and on this sat the driver, holding the reins above my head. Every twelve or fifteen miles there was a station, where I was provided with a new *carriole* and a new driver. Whenever I came to a lake I found boatmen waiting to ferry me across in a boat, and a *carriole* ready for me on the other side.

The air was very fresh and invigorating. I passed many *saeters*, — little huts in which the shepherds live during the summer while tending their cattle. The boys and girls who assist have rough clothing fitted for climbing.

In some localities the women wear *skouts*, — white sun-bonnets stiffly starched, and ironed neatly in ribs. The little children have close-fitting caps. Bandages six inches wide are sometimes wound around the babies from the neck downward, so that they cannot move their limbs. This is done to make them grow straight, and also for convenience in taking care of them; for thus securely trussed up, they can be laid on a shelf or table, and carried about like a bundle. Sometimes the babies ride in a canoe-shaped basket slung by a strap thrown over their father's or mother's shoulder. The same basket can be converted into a cradle by suspending it at the end of a long spiral spring from the roof.

Most of the houses have double windows to keep out the cold; and on the sill between the panes is spread a layer of soft white cotton, sprinkled with artificial roses or small cuttings of red and blue flannel to brighten it.

A few ancient buildings, chiefly churches, have curious inscriptions called *Runes*, written in a language not now well understood; and both children and grown folks wonder what they mean. Other quaint verses and sayings are found in their oldest book, called the "Edda." I give a few translations from it.

"On guests who come with frozen knees,
Bestow the genial warmth of fire.
'Who far has walked and waded streams
Needs cheering food and clothing drier."

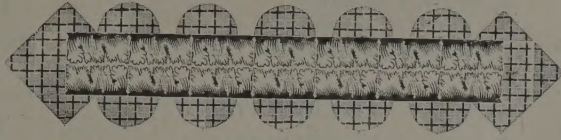
"Beware of swallowing too much ale!
The more you drink the worse you think."

"Whene'er you meet on land or sea
A stranger, kind and gentle be."

All children in that country must go to school a part of the year, though they are excused sometimes during harvest to help their parents. On one day of the week the girls are taught to sew and knit, the boys to make baskets, tubs, wooden spoons, etc. Lately, in a few schools the system called *Sloyd* has been introduced from a neighboring country, and both boys and girls are taught the use of tools in making simple articles of wood, in order to educate the hand at the same time the brain is being educated.

The children of this land are self-reliant, industrious, honest little people. Do you know who they are?

He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true. — EMERSON.



VAN DYCK PAINTING.

This picture shows us this famous Flemish Artist at work in the Palace of King Charles the First of England, painting Portraits of that Monarch's young Children.



Our Letter-Box.

PEABODY, MASS., March 13, 1891.

DEAR EDITOR, — You asked for some letters from young folks, so I thought I would write: I am ten years of age. I want to tell you about Washington's birthday, and how we celebrated it at our Sunday-school. On the platform we had a chair which was lent to us by a lady of our society, — it was the chair Washington sat in when he was in Salem in 1789. It was draped with silk flags. Our pastor, Mr. Hudson, told us some interesting stories about Washington, and also read a story, composed by one of the Sunday-school, about Washington's visit to Salem and Marblehead. Several poems were spoken; among them, a little boy spoke one that was composed by a lady of our society. Here is the piece: —

Long years ago a little boy,
All full of play, like me,
Out in his father's garden cut
A nice young cherry tree.

This vexed his father, and he asked,
"Who did this?" "It was I,"
The boy said, "with my hatchet, pa;
I cannot tell a lie!"

That little boy was Washington,
And this is his birthday;
We'll try to be as good as he,
And tell the truth always.

ROSA N. LEE.

PLEASANT RIVER, March 17.

DEAR EDITOR, — I am eight years old, and I live way down in the country in Nova Scotia; but I used to live in Massachusetts. I am very fond of reading, and I like the stories and puzzles in your paper. We have cold weather, and there are no pussy-willows yet; but my little brother and I found some green moss and a live caterpillar. I never wrote for a paper before, but I hope you will like this letter well enough to print it.

Your little friend,

BERNICE B. BROWN.

THE CHEERFUL PLOUGHMAN.

The ploughman to his work doth daily go, —
Not in the season of ice and snow,
But in the springtime bright and gay,
When birds are warbling their cheerful lay.

He ploughs and shovels, weeds and sows;
The use of each instrument, he very well knows,
Will bring to life its own reward;
So with a will he turns the greensward.

He is singing or whistling the whole day long;
And children flock round in a merry throng
To hear what the merry ploughman has said
As he toils each day for his daily bread.

GRACE L. CROSBY.

ENIGMA LV.

I AM composed of twenty-eight letters.
My 1, 10, 2, is to purchase
My 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, is a possessive pronoun.
My 17, 18, 19, 20, is a public building.
My 17, 28, 16, 12, 18, 22, 19, 5, 2, is the name of a great explorer.
My 14, 15, 13, is a word of assent.
My 13, 21, 11, 9, 25, is part of a dress.
My 26, 23, 24, 27, is the name of a famous English general.
My 8, 6, 7, is a kind of tree.
My whole is an old maxim.

ETHEL MAY BURGESS.

ENIGMA LVI.

I AM composed of eight letters.
My 6, 4, 5, is the home of the lion.
My 3, 4, 5, 6, is what we do sometimes.
My 3, 7, 5, 6, is earth.
My 1, 2, 5, 6, 3, 4, is a light.
My 8, is the eighteenth letter in the alphabet.
My whole is something we use every day in the year.

ETHEL J. COWAN.

ENIGMA LVII.

I AM composed of ten letters.
My 8, 9, 3, 4, is not short.
My 5, 2, 6, is an enemy.
My 10, 6, 1, 7, is a spring.
My whole is a famous poet.

M. WYMAN.

ENIGMA LVIII.

I AM composed of eight letters.
My 2, 3, 5, is a stick.
My 5, 4, 8, is twenty-four hours.
My 1, 3, 8, is a human being.
My 2, 7, 6, is not well cooked.
My whole is a street in New York City.

MARTHA WYMAN.

ENIGMA LIX.

I AM composed of nineteen letters.
My 6, 10, 8, 9, 14, children take Saturday night.
My 8, 15, 6, 6, 3, 7, is the name of a cat.
My 6, 12, 8, 9, is a character in "Little Women."
My 6, 13, 3, 19, 18, is found in the ocean.
My 4, 1, 5, 2, is passionate ardor.
My 11, 3, 16, 17, is to deprive of life.
My whole is the name of an author.

A. G. P.

ACTIVE LETTERS.

1. A letter marching in a line in a narrow pass.
2. A letter putting its name to a document.
3. A letter talking.
4. A letter rousing from sleep.
5. A letter decorating some person or thing.

K. Y. L.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN No. 16.

- LI. Henry W. Horton.
LII. Pilgrim Sunday-School.
LIII. Cheerfulness is the weather of the heart.
LIV. All is not gold that glitters.

For Youngest Readers.

LITTLE KATIE'S FIRST MAY-PARTY.

BY K. HAGAR.



ATIE was the youngest; and so when her elder brothers and sisters were invited to visit any one, Katie was usually forgotten. One day, in her vexation of spirit, she said, "When I have a family of children, they shall all be of the same age, so that not one of them shall have to stay at home because she is too little to go."

The truth was, that Katie's mother knew that the little girl was not strong, and when the older brothers and sisters were merrily coasting down the hill with the other children of the neighborhood; or, when they were invited to a children's party in the evening, she kept her little daughter at home, and sent her to bed early. Her elder sister Lucy said, "There is not much use in Katie's going anywhere; she either finds a book and sits in a corner and reads,

or else she gets sleepy and tired while the rest of us are having a good time playing games."

But now the long, cold winter was over; spring had come at last. Katie was happy; for every blade of grass or tender shoot on bush or tree gave her a thrill of delight.

The boys and girls were planning a May-party. In Foote's Woods, the arbutus flowers were hiding their pink or white waxy blossoms under the leaves and moss. Katie loved to hunt for them, for she always fancied that they were glad to be taken out of their hiding-places to give her their delicious fragrance, and to gladden her eyes with their exquisite beauty.

Katie knew that no one thought of asking her, and yet she longed to go with the older boys and girls. There was to be a "Queen of May," and perhaps they would all dance around a May-pole; and then the lovely Mayflowers, — she had not had one this year; and how could she stay at home and mope all day long?

Lucy, who was always good to her little sister, said, "Katie acts so disappointed, Mamma, if you will let her go I will try and keep her with me."

"Very well," the mother answered; "I can trust you, Lucy."

The first day of May came at last. The sky was bright and blue with a few fleecy clouds. A soft little breeze from the south might perhaps have made older people languid, but it did not disturb the merry boys and girls; and with their baskets of luncheon the happy party started for the woods.

Katie knew that the boys had been "off to the woods" every hour out of school. Saturday evening her father had missed his hatchet; but though Katie guessed that her brother John had left it "somewhere in Foote's Woods," not a look from her innocent little eyes showed that she knew aught of it.

They passed through a muddy lane, picking their steps close to the fence. Taking care to put the bars back in their places so that none of farmer Foote's cows should follow them, they soon came to the woods. They rambled up and down the sloping sides of the little hills. Katie found, not only the lovely arbutus blossoms, but wreaths of partridge vine with bright red, tasteless berries, and erect little winter-green stalks with stiff leaves and two or three berries, spicy and good to eat; and finally "lots" of blue, pink, and white liverwort which wilted fast in her hot, eager, little hands. And now Katie saw why John had taken his father's hatchet to the woods; for lo! and behold! there was a most wonderful little bower made of evergreen branches which the boys had cut.

Next came the important business of choosing a queen; and how happy Katie was when she saw Lucy with a lovely wreath of arbutus blossoms twined with

princess pine on her head, and woven around the wreath was a blue ribbon, and on the ribbon an inscription wrought with silver beads, "Queen of May." Katie clapped her hands in her delight, Lucy looked so pretty, the lovely wreath against her soft brown hair, her cheeks rosy with her timid acceptance of the honor.

But there was no May-pole rising high in the air, tall and straight. Katie did not see one at her first May party, nor indeed ever after, but she had happy fancies of children singing and dancing gayly around it.

An hour passed, and then Katie found her way to the arbor, very curious to see the inside of this beautiful place. Two boys stood at the entrance acting as guards, and one said, "No admittance except to the royal party."

Katie's eyes filled with tears at the rebuff; but the older boy with compassion for the child said, "Louis, we will let her pass, she is the Queen's sister and belongs to the royal family."

So Katie stepped inside. The floor was carpeted with cedar boughs, and there was a throne covered with soft, green moss. Her pretty sister was sitting there with the wreath on her head. But all the boys and girls inside were very quiet and shy; the May-queen was not used to being a queen, though, as Katie said, "Queens and kings and maids of honor are just like other people."

A page came to the bower and announced with a low reverence, "The banquet is served."

The girls had hard work to keep from a giggle; but the "royal party" proceeded in dignified silence to an open place in the woods where, on a tablecloth spread on the ground, a luncheon was ready.

"Now," Katie thought, "there is some fun in being a queen." Everything was passed first to the May-queen, and a big white frosted cake was brought for her to cut.

Lucy was too modest to enjoy being looked at and admired as "Queen of May;" so as soon as the lunch was eaten, she wandered away with her maids of honor to a secluded place in the woods where she remembered that the year before she had found the arbutus growing in great profusion.

The girls chattered and gathered May-flowers; but suddenly Lucy remembered that she had not seen Katie since the merry feast, and she said to one of her friends, "Where is little Katie?"

"Oh, don't bother yourself with her; she can't get lost, there are so many of us!"

Lucy was uneasy, however, and she went from one little group to another, asking, "Where is Katie? Have you seen my little sister?"

Nobody could tell her aught of the child, and Lucy began to have a dreadful sinking of her heart, for she remembered her promise to her mother.

It was getting late in the afternoon, nearly time to start for home, and Katie could not be found.

"She has got tired and started for home," suggested one of her friends, pitying Lucy, for she began to look frightened and anxious.

"She could not let down the bars alone," answered Lucy.

"Perhaps she could climb over. Let us go back to the house; we have to go through the yard to get here, and Mrs. Foote would see her."

The two friends hurried along; but Helen remembered that her shawl and Lucy's hat were in the bower, and as they passed it she stepped inside to get them.

"Lucy, Lucy, come here!" she called.

Lucy followed her, and there, fast asleep, curled up on the soft mossy throne, she found her precious little Katie.

THE TEA-SET.

BY M. A. HALEY.



THIS cannot be my little Mabel," said Grandma. "I thought my little girl was always pleasant."

"You would n't be pleasant, Grandma, if you had an old tea-set like this, and all the other girls had such nice ones."

"I knew a little girl," said Grandma, "who gave tea-parties every day, and who never had a tea-set."

"Oh, Grandma, was she poor? I might give her this one."

"No, she was not poor; but she is no longer a little girl."

"Was it you, Grandma? How did it happen?"

"There were no tea-sets in those days," said Grandma, "but we played having tea very often. I have some of my dishes yet; would you like to see them?"

"Yes, indeed."

Grandma went to the closet, and took down a little wooden box. In it were several pieces of broken china, — beautiful blue and gold, plain white, some pieces with tiny green sprigs, all shapes and sizes.

"These were the dinner dishes," said Grandma. "For teacups we used nut-shells and acorn-cups. Every pleasant day we carried a box into the garden; that was our table. Our mother gave us a towel for a tablecloth. We had sugar, milk, berries, tiny crackers, and sometimes cake. These we arranged in our dishes as well as we could; and I often think that my brother and I, sitting at our little box-table eating from broken bits of crockery, while our mother watched us with a happy smile, had more pleasure than the little girls who live in these days and have so many fine toys."

Mabel looked at the broken pieces, then at her own despised set, and after a long pause said, —

"Yours are very pretty, Grandma; but I would rather have my set. It does not look as bad as it did at first."

BIRTHDAY KISSES.

BY CARO A. DUGAN.

NINE of them, little maiden,
One for each happy year?
Can I find nine sweet places,
One for each kiss, my dear?

Here is one for the forehead.
Keeping it pure and fair;
One to help you grow wiser,
Right on the golden hair.

Kisses twain where the lashes
Shadow your eyes of blue;
Always may sleep, my darling,
Bring happy rest to you.

Two again where the color
Glows in each rounded cheek;
•So I would shut the rose in,
Ever of health to speak.

Lift up the lips so smiling,
One kiss to them is due;
Dear little maid, speak nothing
Save loving words and true.

Hold fast now what I give you, —
One in each palm so small;
Little hands may be busy,
Helpful and kind to all.

These are the birthday kisses,
A birthday wish with each;
And love goes too, more love, dear,
Than I will trust to speech!

TOP-KNOT'S THANKS.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.



TOP-KNOT was only a hen; but it did seem as if she could think, and when you hear about her I think you will agree with me.

She was one of a large number of hens kept by a gentleman who was very kind to them, and took the best of care of them; but his health gave out, and he was obliged to go away; and so the hens must be sold.

Top-knot did n't want to be sold and go away from her good home, so she hid herself away, and some days after the others had gone she was found in her hiding-place with seven brown eggs under her.

They let her stay in her good home; although she was all alone she seemed to enjoy it, and almost every day laid a nice brown egg, and at the end of a year she had laid one hundred and fifty of them for her kind mistress.

Do you suppose she was grateful for her good home, and tried to do her very best to show her thanks? It seems so, does n't it?

Even a black biddy can set a good example to little folks, you see.

Teachers' Department.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

As Sunday-schools advance toward really good teaching-work, the need and value of examinations become apparent. A Presbyterian Sunday-school in Lexington, Mo., holds a special examination at the end of each quarter. Each pupil who consents to take the examination is examined separately and apart, and is then assigned to the grade to which he is entitled to go. The examinations in the higher grades are partly oral and partly in writing. In the lower grades the examinations are wholly oral. About one third of the pupils, it is stated, passed the last examination successfully. Rewards are given as well as promotions made; but the reward-system is not an essential part of the system of examinations. The object of such examinations should be to stimulate interest in the Sunday-school studies, and make those studies more fruitful and profitable.

ANOTHER TRACT.

THE Unitarian Sunday-School Society have just issued for free distribution, No. 3 of their "Tract Series." This is a reprint from the "Christian Register," of "Mrs. Motherwell on the Sunday-school,"—a letter read by Mr. Spaulding at a recent meeting of the Sunday-School Union. This tract will be sent out without application to those schools that applied for Tract No. 2. Copies can also be had by any persons who care for them, by addressing the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon St., Boston.

SOME NEW BOOKS.¹

WE are indebted to the Unitarian Association, and to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for some new religious books which we can earnestly commend to Sunday-school teachers and to the members of the older classes.

First on the list comes Mr. Crooker's little volume, "Different New Testament Views of Jesus," published by the Association. Within the compass of eighty pages the author presents with great force and clearness the different beliefs concerning Jesus which prevailed among the Christians of the first and second centuries, and which are expressed in the different books of the New Testament. Nowhere else can the student of the life of Jesus find so lucid an explanation of the origin and significance of these various beliefs as Mr. Crooker gives in this book. And the conclusion of the whole matter is that Jesus is to us the way of life when we view him in his pure humanity and his sublime personality. "To-day the ministry of Jesus lies in what he inspires us to be and do that is tender, true, and heroic."

All the other books in our present list are from the Boston publishing-house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Of these the first to which we would call attention is the delightful biography of James Freeman Clarke, edited from Dr. Clarke's autobiography, diary, and correspondence, by Edward Everett Hale. It would be easy to criticise this book as lacking somewhat both in the fulness and in the color, so to speak, which might have been expected from such a volume. But it is a more gracious task to point out its excellencies. The book is in large measure a sketch of Dr. Clarke by himself. There is, first, the autobiography which covers the first thirty years of his life,—bringing the history nearly to the commencement of his long career as pastor of the Church of the Disciples in Boston. Then follow two short chapters, which fill out from the diary and correspondence of Dr. Clarke the account of those earlier years. The rest of the book is made up of further extracts from letters and contributions from various sources setting forth the varied activities of this long and useful life. Thus Col. T. W. Higgin-

son describes Dr. Clarke's interest in the cause of Woman's Suffrage, and Rev. Samuel May contributes a valuable narrative of his work in the Anti-slavery Movement. Dr. Hale himself gives the graphic representation of his friend as an honored leader of the Unitarian Church in America, and fitly closes the volume with a portraiture of Dr. Clarke the man.

We wish every Unitarian Sunday-school teacher might read this biography, and thus come into closer communion with one of the purest, noblest, and manliest souls our century has known. If the spirit which animated Dr. Clarke in his great work could but quicken the lives of all who belong to his household of faith, we should have a revival of religion which would lift our churches and our Sunday-schools to a higher plane of spiritual activity than they have ever yet reached.

Something of the wholesome contagion of a great example like that of Dr. Clarke's, our older Sunday-school pupils might receive from the living words of another venerable teacher of our faith,—Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, whose "King's Chapel Sermons" are fresh from the press. The twenty-eight discourses in this volume are all in the best sense practical sermons. They treat of the elements of character, and of the spiritual motives which lead to right conduct. Every discourse abounds in the "sweetness and light" of a reasonable, persuasive, and inspiring religious faith.

The last book in our present list is a tastefully printed volume written by Lucy Larcom, the well-known poet. Under the general title, "As it is in heaven," Miss Larcom has put together twelve short but richly suggestive chapters in which she has unfolded the character of the heavenly life,—the life that may be begun on earth, and be so lived here that it will glorify whatever life we may pass into hereafter. The healthy spiritual tone of this book, and its charming literary style, should secure for it a wide circle of sympathetic readers.

¹ DIFFERENT NEW TESTAMENT VIEWS OF JESUS. By Joseph Henry Crooker. Boston: American Unitarian Association. pp. 80. Paper cover. 20 cents.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE: AUTOBIOGRAPHY, DIARY, AND CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Edward Everett Hale, D.D. With Portrait. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 430. Crown 8vo, gilt top. \$1.50.

KING'S CHAPEL SERMONS. By Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 340. Crown, 8vo. \$1.50.

AS IT IS IN HEAVEN. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 156. 16 mo. \$1.00.

"UNITARIAN BELIEF."

Rev. A. J. RICH, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Milford, N.H., sends us the following verified statement of belief, which is used in his own Sunday-school.

UNITARIAN BELIEF.

BY A. J. RICH.

WE believe in God's Perfection, seen in all created things;
In his tender loving Spirit, whence our best affection springs;
In the Laws through which he governs, true expression of his will,
And in which our lives abiding, we his purpose shall fulfill;
We believe in Christ our Brother, loftiest soul the world has known,
In whose bosom, as in ours, God our Father finds his throne;
That his truth and his example stand as beacons evermore,
And by living as he taught us, we shall reach the heavenly shore.
We believe Religion's blessing is God's gift to every race;
That in every age true Prophets, Savicurs, Teachers we may trace.

We believe God's Revelation comes through all inspired souls,

May be read on Nature's pages,—leaves and blossoms, sacred rolls.

We believe in Truth and Freedom as man's privilege below,

As his guide to larger wisdom, and diviner life to know.
We believe that True Salvation is to live the life divine,
And that Heaven is, now and ever, where true love and goodness shine;

That the Life is more than doctrine, How to Live than How to Die,

And that Good Deeds are the seedlets of the harvest fair on high.

Then we build, while here, those mansions read of far beyond the skies,

And that Righteousness and Character are keys to heaven's prize.

We believe in Aspiration as the truest, holiest Prayer,
That communion with the Father soothes our hearts and lifts our care.

We believe in Life Immortal, since our souls from God have come,

That his love will e'er enfold us in his blessed peaceful home;

That we all shall meet together, one unbroken family,
And shall know and love each other, in that Land beyond the sea!

Copies of this statement may be had by addressing Mr. Rich, or of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon St., Boston.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

FROM the annual Report of All-Souls' Church, Chicago, we gather some interesting information concerning its Sunday-school. The pastor of the church, Rev. Jenkin L. Jones, is the superintendent, with Miss Marion H. Perkins as assistant. There is also an associate-committee consisting of Mr. Dwight Perkins, and Mrs. Ellen T. Léonard (the secretary of the Western Sunday-School Society). There is a total membership of one hundred and thirty-six pupils, divided into fourteen classes, the primary class numbering twenty-three. This school follows the one-topic method of study. The lessons for the year 1890-91 have been as follows: From September to March, on "Origins of the World, Society, Morals, and Religion;" from March through June, "In the Home." Lesson-slips on the first course have been used (prepared by Mr. Maxson). The lesson-helps for the second course are those prepared by Mr. Gannett. The assistant-superintendent reports an increase of four in the number of teachers, and a gratifying increase in attendance. More and better singing from the children, and greater promptness at the Sunday-school service on the part of both teachers and pupils, are mentioned as among the things to be hoped for.

A NEW FLOWER-SERVICE.

THE Unitarian Sunday-School Society has in press a new service for Flower or Children's Sunday, with responsive readings, original carols, etc. This service will be fully described in the next number of our paper.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

The uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is forty cents a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper, will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

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